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SQUARE.

### THOSE SUFFERING BABIES.

Yesterday was the hottest day for years, the thermometer registering one hundred at the moment of the heat's greatest intensity. It was impossible for anyone in New York to entirely escape the discomfort arising from such an intolerable dose of caloric. But the poor suffering children who lay in their hot cots, with the fire of fever adding to the warmth which the atmosphere conveyed, were the most pitiable victims of the day.

Help them, if you have bowels of compassion at all. Send some small contribution to the Free Doctors' Fund, which generous souls have already given such a good impetus to.

Remember, as you read of the needs of those suffering, friendless children, that you are as responsible for their welfare as any others in this community. The warm-hearted men and women who have sent so liberally of their means, or who have given modest donations, drawn from a modest income, had no more reason to come to the assistance of the little sufferers than you have.

Humanity should impel you to do this charity. Of course, you are free to contribute or not. There is no coercion. But can you feel quite content to let your fellow-men, who are no better able than you to lend a helping hand, show a poorer, generous spirit of aid for the poor babies while you shut your eyes to the needs of the sick and your ears to the low wailings of the little sufferers? Contribute your mite like a man.

### A GOOD POINT.

Cardinal Granovitch Sunday should not be a day from which all amusement or innocent recreation ought to be banished. He regards it as a day of rest, and by rest is not meant absolute inactivity. He says with great wisdom that it would be a good thing for the art museums and public libraries to be thrown open on Sunday. Hosts of poor people, who are unable to visit them during the week on account of the necessity for laboring throughout the day would be able on Sunday to gratify their tastes and improve it by visiting the treasures in the museums.

The Evening World has made strenuous efforts to have the Metropolitan Museum of Art thrown open on Sundays, and it heartily approves the view advanced by the distinguished prelate.

### INJUSTICE TO THE POOR.

Anyone with ordinary powers of reason can see that justice is necessarily the same for all. Circumstances may alter cases, but the wealth of an individual or his poverty cannot affect the resolution of a point of abstract right, and when it does then the law, which should be the citizen's highest safeguard is prostituted and becomes a vile thing.

Judge MARTINE has declared that the law which sent certain bakers to prison for "boycotting." Widow LANGRISH's bakery should have done more than this to the clock manufacturers who have "boycotted" the cutters.

### SILLY FRIGHT.

The mad-dog scare is getting to be a nuisance. It is true that excited minds should no longer have their imaginations aroused by wild fairy tales about the dreadful horrors of mad biting dogs. Connecticut is in a panic over canines. When a dog shows unmistakable signs of rabies it is reasonable enough for those bitten by it to take every precaution against the bad effects of the virus. But to become terrorized over every nip of a snappish, ill-humored dog is not reasonable, and it is absurd to stimulate the imagination of susceptible persons by stories of mad dogs which are largely founded on fiction.

### BE MODEST AND REASONABLE.

Nothing good was ever achieved by a panic. A Frenchman has discovered a new explosive which is almost devilish in its character. It is a condensed hydrogen gas, one drop of which volatilizes instantaneously when dropped in the breeze of a gun, and without noise, without smoke, sends the bullet tearing on its mission of death. Well, the worse they make war the more likelihood of peace. That is one comfort.

### McCANN HAS BEEN ON THE WITNESS STAND AGAIN.

As a witness stand him for his wages. He did not make a very good appearance. It would be better for Boniface McCann to lay low for a while.

### THE CLOCKMAKER'S PARADE WAS A STRANGE SIGHT.

Wan, haggard men, displaying their misery through the business streets of New York! They were wise in not carrying red flags.

### KEEP COOL INTERIORLY AND YOUR BODY WON'T GET SO HOT IN THIS FURNACE-LIKE WEATHER.

None at All.  
(From *Man's Weekly*.)  
He—He loved Miss Blankovich. In fact, he had her name on his lips.  
She—It's no wonder he did.

### THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Girls who live on hard rock candies, hot bread and ice water cannot expect to have good teeth, good health or good looks.

The ladies of the M. E. Church at Mechanicville, Ohio, are in a dilemma. It is rather warm out there and they have been taking their fans to church Sundays. Now the minister objects to their use and claims that the force of his sermon is lost in their use and in the fluttering with them. One night last week a social woman on a topic of great profundity. A large audience was present, and he started out to make one of the great efforts of his life. The careless movements of the fans annoyed him, and he cast nervous glances around every now and then. Finally he stopped and broke forth: "I want you to quit using those fans. It is impossible to preach with any effect while they are in operation. Think of the North Pole and icebergs and look at me." The congregation, it is understood, is deliberating on the advisability of asking for his resignation.

Butterfly bows for hats are made of everything—lace, velvet, filigree work, metallic and bullion garter, jet, pearl and tinsel cloth.

Tom O'Shanter crowns of velvet or silk are put in ladies' straw hats and considered very novel.

### Intellectually, woman is in the advance.

From a large field of competitors Miss Sylvia Clark, of Boston, has carried off a \$1000 scholarship prize for the best composition. Her subject was "Hesperia." "Hesperia" of seven tables. The competition embraced all the college and academy graduates for 1899.

### Mme. Tavaray, the Russian prima donna,

is mourning the loss of a large sum of money and a pair of diamond earrings, perhaps the whitest and finest stones in Europe. She is now singing at the Covent Garden Theatre in London, and left them in a cab on her way home.

### SMILE AND TEAR.

Twain weeps tears, which in the fray have never known defeat. A smile or tear. All is fear. And always heat retreat.

### A woman's smile

Will oft be useful. The tender sex, austere. But should that prove a family move. Just let her drop a tear!

—*Woman's Weekly.*

Miss Samaria Bilecco, who has been described in this column as France's first woman lawyer, was also the first student who passed the examination not in the regulation robe. The point created much discussion and for some time it was undecided whether she should wear an advocate's robe, as male students have to do while delivering their thesis, or would her ordinary gown do? One of the professors declared finally that the principle of law, "Opposition is not to be evaded," should be invoked, and that "Robe or robe no want." In other words that robe was enough. It was therefore decided that Miss Bilecco need not put on an advocate's gown, but should appear in her ordinary dress.

Two wicked Tennessee girls fought a duel over a gentleman. One of them was killed and the other in jail. This should be a terrible warning.

When a man is hopelessly and recklessly extravagant to an extent that must needs and in turn is it any use for his wife to curtail the household expenses, which are but as a drop of water in the ocean of her husband's spending? Many people, in the vain hope of averting attention from their affairs, continue to live in the style that would be fatal to their income were they properly administered, and justify doing so on the ground that, as small economies cannot prevent the final crash, it is vain to attempt them. This, however, is a great mistake, as the sight of his wife straining at a task while he indulges in debauchery may prove an effective rebuke to the spendthrift; whilst, in any case, the family will be learning, before it is quite forced upon them, by necessity, the valuable lesson of how to make the best of small means.

Miss Ellen Kraemer, who has won distinction in the surgical ward of Bellevue Hospital, came all the way from Sweden to study nursing and medical science. She is a proud, aristocratic young woman, whose very presence commands respect. She wears her hair combed back from a face that is calm, sensitive and thoughtful. She is a girl who makes her individuality felt, and she has a faculty, peculiar to herself, of imparting this individuality to every ward she visits. Her windows are always drawn, and if curtains are beyond her reach she will draw a curtain of yellow or pinkish to tone down the light. A railroad map, for instance, as Miss Kraemer only knows how to manipulate, has a tracery effect as peering to the patient's tired eyes as a lace curtain. On the completion of her studies she will return to Sweden.

### SPOTLIGHTS.

What weather, this, for collies!

They have a town in Maine where they can't tell the difference between whiskey and brandy. It's awful easy to tell which is the town.

The Chinese are puzzled about Minister T'ai's views. In a Chinese puzzle there are generally riddles.

The human race wants more room. Why don't they go where they can get it, then?

"What is your favorite?" asked the maid. "Brandy," said the lady. "Then I'm afraid I must steal your life," said the maid.

Bismarck had two or three shots at the American marksmen. He can load a gun with any of them.

They are making furniture that plays now. If they would get some that would do chores around the house it would be better.

An editor has a note-book that very often.

The babies who go excursions on the sea do not require wet-nurses.

At a Reception in Washington.

"Who is that little gentleman over there with the beard?"

"That's the President."

"Indeed? And what is his name?"

"What He Would Spend."

"What are you going to spend this Summer?" asked Rockley of his impetuous friend, Smithers.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Smithers, absently. "I guess that's about all I have."

None at All.

He—He loved Miss Blankovich. In fact, he had her name on his lips.

She—It's no wonder he did.

## FOR SICK BABES.

An Interesting Entertainment to Be Held at Arverne-by-the-Sea.

Prominent Actors and Actresses Volunteer Their Services.

The Hotel Parlor to Be Transformed Into a Stage.

### THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged	\$1,000.00
From the Editor	10.00
From the Publisher	10.00
From the Manager	10.00
From the Treasurer	10.00
From the Secretary	10.00
From the Librarian	10.00
From the Janitor	10.00
From the Cook	10.00
From the Butler	10.00
From the Valet	10.00
From the Footman	10.00
From the Porter	10.00
From the Gardener	10.00
From the Stable Boy	10.00
From the Coachman	10.00
From the Driver	10.00
From the Porter	10.00
From the Janitor	10.00
From the Cook	10.00
From the Butler	10.00
From the Valet	10.00
From the Footman	10.00
From the Porter	10.00
From the Gardener	10.00
From the Stable Boy	10.00
From the Coachman	10.00
From the Driver	10.00

### Praises the Good Work.

Will you be the happiness to accept the enclosed check for the Sick Baby Fund. Thinking you for your noble work in behalf of the poor and helpless.

### A Query for Men-About-Town.

Please add the enclosed \$10 to the fund for aiding the suffering, poor babies. It would be a great help to them. I am sure you will be glad to do it. I am sure you will be glad to do it. I am sure you will be glad to do it.

### A Wish with This Dollar.

Enclosed please find \$1, my mite towards your Sick Babies' Fund. May it be some good to the world.

### Every Dollar Helps.

Please find enclosed \$1 for the relief of the poor sick babies. I wish I had more to give, but hope it may do some good.

### Dropped in a Box.

Having received the consent of my employers to place a collection box at the desk, I found there \$2.05 from the patrons of Faiders Bros., 612 Ninth St.

### A Band of Workers.

I have a band of little workers and they have \$1 and wish to give it to the Sick Babies' Fund. They are called "The Little Workers of the World."

### Who Is This Forger?

Some individual, whose low instincts mistook brutality for wit, sent to THE EVENING WORLD a forged check for \$50, with a note requesting the amount to be applied to the relief of the Sick Babies.

### BABIES GET THE RECEIPTS.

Preparations at Arverne for the Big Benefit Entertainment.

Down at Arverne-by-the-Sea, where the waves of old ocean beat constantly upon a beautiful beach, and a delightful breeze from off the sea drives from the cottage all thought of the sun-baked city and its sufferings, an EVENING WORLD reporter sauntered this morning among the pretty cottages of the summerers.

Coming to the cottage of Francis J. MacNaughton, the drug importer, the reporter stopped behind a gate post to watch the comings and goings of a woman, a figure of femininity as she played upon the broad, inviting piazza.

The mite was sweetly demure in a white gown that almost touched the floor. Her dark brown hair was streaming, and made a background for a sweet little face with wondrous great, bright eyes.

There was a dolly almost as big as Mite stored away in one corner of a big veranda rocker, her white lace cap being trimmed by the Mite, who was going through a performance that beggars description.

Stepping back from Dolly and apparently addressing a hair, the Mite, with a face expressive of sadness, said: "Oh, why do you say that to me? I cannot, must not love you!"

Then, raising a tiny hand and pointing out over Jamaica Bay, the Mite stamps a little foot imperiously, and says: "Go! Leave me at once, duce!"

Then after a pause for the chair to "leave," the white hands are clasped, the head is thrown to one side in dire despair and the great eyes are almost tearful as the Mite exclaims distractedly:

"Oh, why did I send him away? Why did I call him 'duce'?"

Then Miss Dot Clarendon, who is Mr. MacNaughton's guest, caught sight of the Mite, and looking to him, asked anxiously: "Isn't that as good as Miss Margaret St. John could act?"

"So you are going to sing and recite for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, God bless him!" replied the mite, clapping her hands on her bosom. "I shall sing 'Is Heart Was True to You' just as Miss Rosina Vokes sings it, and play the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth,' taking the part of Lady Macbeth, and some other little things."

The five-year-old who captured the heart of every child-lover in New York in "The Midnight Bell" and "Raglan's Way."

George M. Wood and his charming wife Miss Margaret St. John, hearing Miss Dot's chatter, stepped out of the cottage. Mrs. Wood has a reputation on two continents as Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Roger La Monte and David Garrick, and the dream-eyed beauty known to the stage as Miss St. John has shared in his dramatic successes in England and America, and will star the coming season with her own company, Her

## FADS IN RINGS.

Diamond-Set Circlets That Range from \$15 to \$5,000.

Lovers' Knots, Serpents, Coils and Other Finger Adornments.

The Modest Wedding Band the Only Style That Never Changes.

THE finger rings of today, only those of unique design or the most intricate workmanship attract more than passing attention.

The good old-fashioned days when the bloodstone, the emerald and the garnet were the popular finger adornments.

When the girl was ten years old her father presented to the mother at Christmas a ring in which were set two little semi-transparent whitestones, surrounded by diamonds.

For a long while he resisted his wife's entreaties to tell her what sort of stones they were, she never having seen anything of the kind.

He finally confessed to her a little shamefacedly that when their daughter and her mother were in the city, he had saved the front ones and carried them about in his pocketbook for a long time until the idea occurred to him of utilizing them in the ring.

The wife continued to wear the ring just the same, and does to this day, although very few persons know the story of its setting.

Harry Dixey will never answer the question, "Why do you wear that ring on your thumb?"

Only his personal friends ask him, but he smiles blithely and—well, you don't invariably produce a diamond ring. The jewelry salesman seems to imagine that there can be "nothing finer in the world than a perfect stone artistically mounted in a finger ring."

It's a matter of taste, though. The many-millionaire is not known by the over-display of gems upon his fingers. He affects the simple band of gold, with perhaps a turquoise or opal or emerald neatly imbedded in the center. Diamonds he leaves for his wife and daughters and sons.

The commonest style of mounting diamonds in rings is found in what is known as the Pelcher claw-shaped setting, which, by its great exposure of the gem, produces, perhaps, the most brilliant effects. The open star setting with tapering shanks is also a popular style.

From these two styles in diamond settings are evolved countless combinations in rings, which meet the eye at almost every turn. A more modernized style for men's wear is found in the gallery setting. Another style, with the flat band of gold, is called the gypsy setting. The

five years ago it was a novelty to see a stone set deeply in the gold and as flush with the square surface of the ring. A style of ring which has obtained widespread popularity of late years is the serpent ring.

A ring which never changes in style is the simple broad band, unadorned by any gem, the wedding ring. It is the same today, so experts say, as it was a hundred years ago.

### STOLEN RHYMES.

On the Beach.

The night is warm, the moon is bright, and here upon the sandy beach, I found a ring, a simple ring, I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

The rest have wandered down the shore; We are left alone, I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

We had come to the beach before, In quiet, confidential tone.

The birds just flew over the sound ring ash, In quiet, confidential tone.

Her eyes dropped low beneath its lash, Her lips were parted, and she said: "I found it here, I found it here, I found it here."

How fair and sweet she looks to-night! How wistful, yet how strangely shy! I saw her smile, I saw her smile, I saw her smile.

But then she's been just so before; I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before.

And talk and laugh and toast "marshmallows," I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

### Natural Philosophy.

When a man is married, he is wedded; When a man is married, he is wedded; When a man is married, he is wedded.

Food for thought, an eye for thought, Food for thought, an eye for thought, Food for thought, an eye for thought.

There are all sorts of things, There are all sorts of things, There are all sorts of things.

Fortune comes and goes, Fortune comes and goes, Fortune comes and goes.

But we must not let ourselves be led, But we must not let ourselves be led, But we must not let ourselves be led.

It is a matter of fact, It is a matter of fact, It is a matter of fact.

And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before.

And talk and laugh and toast "marshmallows," I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

### Down and Out.

Apollon's shaft of radiant flame, Apollon's shaft of radiant flame, Apollon's shaft of radiant flame.

Shattered against the sea's low shield, Shattered against the sea's low shield, Shattered against the sea's low shield.

Upon the shining sands they stand, Upon the shining sands they stand, Upon the shining sands they stand.

Together stand, hand clasped in hand, Together stand, hand clasped in hand, Together stand, hand clasped in hand.

A life-long love, a happy wife, A life-long love, a happy wife, A life-long love, a happy wife.

They are all sorts of things, They are all sorts of things, They are all sorts of things.

Fortune comes and goes, Fortune comes and goes, Fortune comes and goes.

But we must not let ourselves be led, But we must not let ourselves be led, But we must not let ourselves be led.

It is a matter of fact, It is a matter of fact, It is a matter of fact.

And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before, And so we wait on the beach before.

And talk and laugh and toast "marshmallows," I found it here, I found it here, I found it here.

### The Next Thing.

Mr. Warrington—A motor fell on a farm in Kansas, and the farmer sold it for enough to pay off a mortgage.

Mr. Harrison—You don't say! We'll have to put a heavy duty on motors.

## FROM LAUGHTER'S MINE.

Gems of Wit Dug by Humorists of the Day.

Just in Season.

Sharp man—Come, come, boys, you don't expect I'll be fool enough to kick that last, do you? This is the first of April!

The Boys—We know it ain't Mister, but it's Fourth of July, though!

### Feminine Spite.

Miss Lovelace—Mr. Hawkins said my complexion was just lovely.

Miss Cantrique—Didn't you know that man was color blind?

### After the Rain.

Clara—How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!

Flora—Yes, I just read that some Pinkerton detectives are securing this part of the country.

### Feminine Felinity.

"You look real tired."

"I am."

"I don't see what 'tired' you, you danced less than any girl in the room."

### Social Pastels.

Bobbett—I got cards from the Van Bostles this morning.

Cynthia—I supposed you would. I heard they were going to ask every body.

### Not I-own-ny.

Miss Gaxton—Your house is of the Ionic order, isn't it?

Mrs. Fangle—No, indeed; we don't owe a cent on it.

### The Warning.

Ethel—We have been married three months to-day, Charlie.

Charlie—Gosh! Scott! Is that all?

### Certainly.

Cumso—Do you think the wages of the laboring man should be higher?

Banko—Of course do. The laborer is worthy of his hire, you know.

### His After-Dinner Smoke.